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FROM A WINDOW ON RUSSIAN HILL ⁊ ⁊ SAN FRANCISCO WITH MESSRS TAYLOR & TAYLOR'S CHRIST MAS GREETINGS TO THE FRIENDS OF THEIR PRESS ⁊ MCMXVI

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No. 1

AFAR the mountain lies in bland repose,
Anear, the Bay with gently heaving breast,
While at our feet the City's vast unrest
In toil perpetual ever ebbs and flows.
Here hushful quiet in this chamber goes,
And by delightsome airs we are caressed,
Then why should we be anxious or depressed
By all earth's incommunicable woes.

It must not be, for can we not behold,
Coming from out the sunset's glowing gold,
A vessel skimming o'er the sea of dreams;
Her sails are of the rainbow's colors made,
And as she spurns despair's black rocks it seems
A new-born courage in our heart is laid.

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